

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

G A R R I C K.

(Price One Shilling.)

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

CARRICK

(Price One Shilling.)



*With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire Relief, With Looks that speak—He never shall return,
With meek Regret, and fond enduring Grief: Chilling thy tender Bosom, clasp his Urn:
And with soft Sighs dispense the irreverend Dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred Bust!*

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THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE
AND THE TREE OF LIFE
IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN
WAS THE FIRST TEMPLE
BUILT BY GOD FOR MANKIND
AND THE FIRST SACRIFICE
OFFERED BY ADAM AND EVE
WAS THE FIRST SACRIFICE
OFFERED BY MANKIND
TO GOD

V E R S E S

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To the MEMORY of

K Sheridan

G A R R I C K.

S P O K E N A S

A M O N O D Y,

A T

The Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N:

Published by T. EVANS, in the Strand; J. WILKIE, St. Paul's Church-Yard; E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry; A. PORTAL, opposite the New Church; and J. ALMON, Piccadilly.

M, DCC, LXXIX.

V E R S E S

To the Memory of

GARRICK.

POETRY

AMONDY,

The Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N

Printed by T. Baskett, at the Theatre Royal, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and C. Dilly, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane; and J. Almon, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.



MDCCLXXII.

**T O T H E R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
C O U N T E S S S P E N C E R,**

Whose APPROBATION and ESTEEM were JUSTLY CONSIDERED by

M r . G A R R I C K

**A S T H E H I G H E S T P A N E G Y R I C K
H I S T A L E N T S O R C O N D U C T C O U L D A C Q U I R E ,
T H I S I M P E R F E C T T R I B U T E T O H I S**

M E M O R Y

**I S , W I T H G R E A T D E F E R E N C E , I N S C R I B E D
B Y H E R L A D Y S H I P ' s**

M O S T O B E D I E N T

H U M B L E S E R V A N T ,

R I C H A R D B R I N S L E Y S H E R I D A N .

M A R C H 25th , 1779 .

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
COUNTS SPENCER
WHOSE APPROBATION AND ESTEEM ARE JUSTLY CONSIDERED
MR. G. A. R. I. C. K.
AS THE HIGHEST PRAISE
HIS TALENTS OR CONDUCT COULD ACQUIRE
THIS IMPERIAL TRIBUTE TO HIS
M. E. M. O. R. Y
IS, WITH GREAT DEFERENCE, INSCRIBED
BY HER LADYSHIP
MOST OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

MARCH 25th 1779

IF dying EXCELLENCE deserves a Tear,
 If fond Remembrance still is cherished here,
 Can we perfit to bid your Sorrows flow
 For fabled Suffe'ers, and delusive Woe?
 Or with quaint Smiles dismiss the plaintive Strain,
 Point the quick Jest—indulge the Comic Vein—
 Ere yet to buried ROSCIUS we assign—
 One kind Regret—one tributary Line!

His Fame requires we act a tenderer Part :—

His MEMORY claims the Tear you gave his ART!

The

The general Voice, the Meed of mournful Verse,
 The splendid Sorrows that adorned his Hearse,
 The Throng that mourn'd as their dead Favourite pass'd,
 The grac'd Respect that claim'd him to the last,
 While SHAKESPEAR's Image from its hallow'd Base,
 Seem'd to prescribe the Grave, and point the Place,—
 Nor these,—nor all the sad Regrets that flow
 From fond Fidelity's domestic Woe,—
 So much are GARRICK's Praise—so much his DUE—
 As on this Spot—One Tear bestow'd by You.

Amid the Arts which seek ingenuous Fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious Claim!
 To HIM, whose mimic Pencil wins the Prize,
 Obedient Fame immortal Wreaths supplies:

Whate'er

Whate'er of Wonder REYNOLDS now may raise,
 RAPHAEL still boasts cotemporary Praise:
 Each dazling Light, and gaudier Bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd Awe His Works are view'd:
 E'en Beauty's Portrait wears a softer Prime,
 Touch'd by the tender Hand of mellowing Time.

The patient SCULPTOR owns an humbler Part,
 A ruder Toil, and more mechanic Art;
 Content with slow and timorous Stroke to trace
 The lingering Line, and mould the tardy Grace:
 But once atchieved—tho' barbarous Wreck o'erthrow
 The sacred Fane, and lay its Glories low,
 Yet shall the sculptur'd Raim rise to Day,
 Grac'd by Defect, and worship'd in Decay;

The

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The

The' enduring Record bears the Artist's Name,

Demands his Honors, and asserts his Fame.

Superior Hopes the POET's Bosom fire,—

O proud Distinction of the sacred Lyre!—

Wide as the' inspiring PHOEBUS darts his Ray,

Diffusive Splendor gilds his VOTARY's Lay.

Whether the Song Heroic Woes rehearse,

With Epic Grandeur, and the Pomp of Verse;

Or, fondly gay, with unambitious Guile

Attempt no Prize but favouring Beauty's Smile;

Or bear dejected to the lonely Grove

The soft Despair of unprevailing Love,—

Whate'er the Theme—thro' every Age and Clime

Congenial Passions meet the' according Rhyme;

The

The Pride of Glory—Pity's Sigh sincere—
 Youth's earliest Blush—and Beauty's Virgin Tear.

Such is THEIR Meed—THEIR Honors thus secure,
 Whose Arts yield Objects, and whose Works endure.
 The Actor only, shrinks from Times Award;
 Feeble Tradition is His Memory's Guard;
 By whose faint Breath his Merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by Proof—to Substance unallied!
 Ev'n matchless GARRICK's Art to Heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd Effect, no Model leaves behind!

The GRACE of ACTION—the adapted Mien
 Faithful as Nature to the varied Scene;

Th' EXPRESSIVE GLANCE—whose subtle Comment draws
 Entranc'd Attention, and a mute Applause ;
 GESTURE that marks, with Force and Feeling fraught,
 A Sense in Silence, and a Will in Thought ;
 HARMONIOUS SPEECH, whose pure and liquid Tone
 Gives Verse a Music, scarce confess'd its own ;
 As Light from Gems; assumes a brighter Ray
 And cloathed with Orient Hues, transcends the Day!—
 PASSION's wild Break—and Frown that awes the Sense,
 And every CHARM of gentler ELOQUENCE—
 All perishable!—like the Electric Fire
 But strike the Frame—and as they strike expire ;
 Incense too pure a bodied Flame to bear,
 It's Fragrance charms the Sense, and blends with Air.

WHERE

WHERE then—while sunk in cold Decay he lies,
 And pale Eclipse for ever veils those Eyes!—
 WHERE is the blest Memorial that ensures
 Our GARRICK's Fame?—whose is the Trust?—'tis YOURS.

And O! by every Charm his Art essay'd
 To sooth your Cares!—by every Grief allay'd!
 By the hush'd Wonder which his Accents drew!
 By his last parting Tear, repaid by you!
 By all those Thoughts, which many a distant Night,
 Shall mark his Memory with a sad Delight!—
 Still in your Heart's dear Record bear his Name;
 Cherish the keen Regret that lifts his Fame;
 To you it is bequeath'd, assert the Trust,
 And to his WORTH—'tis all you can—be JUST.

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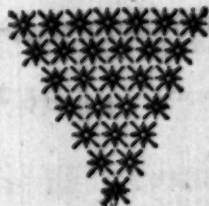
What

What more is due from sanctifying Time,
 To chearful Wit, and many a favour'd RHYME,
 O'er his grac'd Urn shall bloom, a deathless Wreath,
 Whose blossom'd Sweets shall deck the Mask beneath.
 For these,—when SCULPTURE's votive Toil shall rear
 The due Memorial of a Loss so dear!—
 O lovliest Mourner, Gentle MUSE! be thine
 The pleasing Woe to guard the laurell'd Shrine.
 As FANCY, oft by Superstition led
 To roam the Mansions of the fainted Dead,
 Has view'd, by shadowy Eve's unfaithful Gloom,
 A weeping Cherub on a Martyr's Tomb—
 So thou, sweet MUSE, hang o'er HIS sculptur'd Bier,
 With patient Woe, that loves the lingering Tear ;

With

With Thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire Relief,
With meek Regret, and fond enduring Grief ;
With Looks that speak—He never shall return !—
Chilling thy tender Bosom clasp his Urn ;
And with soft Sighs disperse the' irreverend Dust,
Which TIME may strew upon his sacred Bust.

11:7:49



With Thoughts that mourn—not yet desire Relief,

With mack Regret, and fond enduring Grief;

With Looks that speak—he never shall return!—

Chilling thy tender Bosom clasp his Um;

And with lost sighs disperse the 'neverend' Day,

Which Time may show upon his sacred Bury.

